

Mr.

MAFEE



COMICS

No. 4
10c



BUT OTHER EYES ARE ON THE
MERCY SHIP - CRUEL EYES -
WHOSE OWNERS DEAL IN DEATH!



TORPEDOES - ALERT!
HELM! THE COURSE
IS 164° WEST! QUICKLY!
ALL STATIONS - PREPARE
TO CONTACT ENEMY!



WEB COMIC UNIVERSE.COM



Missing...

"Missing in action." You know what that can mean.

Mom says you must be brave. "It's what your father would expect of us," she tells you when it's bedtime and your chin starts to feel shaky. Then she kisses you extra hard and turns her head away so you can't see her eyes.

You've never let her see you cry. Not once, since that telegram came and she twisted it all up in a ball, then smoothed it and put it in the desk.

But, lying in bed, you play "Pretend"—pretend you can hear his step as he comes up to your room—pretend you can feel a stubble brush your forehead. And sometimes, in the dark, you can almost smell a cigarettey suit close to your face.

Later you dream—dreams that you don't tell about. And in the morning you wake up with that funny, empty feeling in your stomach.

* * *

Poor little guy. We—all of us—wish there were something we could do. Perhaps there is. Why shouldn't it be this?

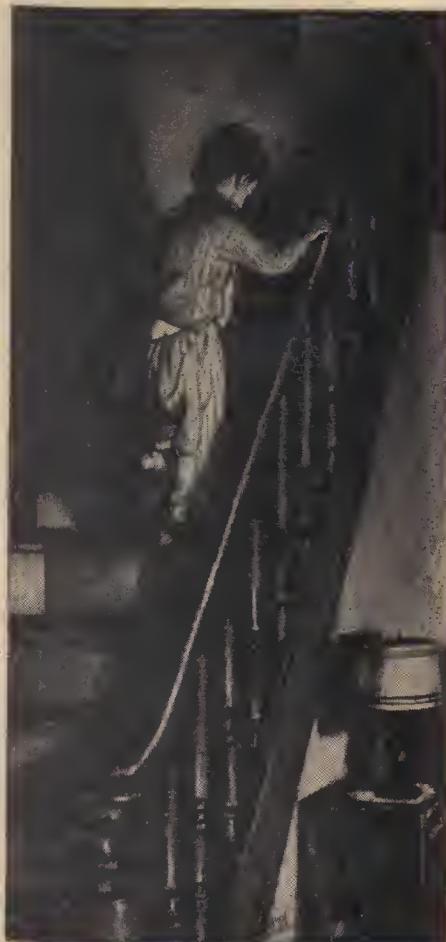
We can resolve that the plans your father had for you shall remain within your reach, that you shall have the chance to grow and learn, that your opportunities will be bounded only by your own get-up-and-go, that you will progress and prosper in direct relation to your own ability—in a land of freedom and opportunity.

Those are the things your Dad valued, the things for which he gave his life. Though some may strive to change all that—provide you with the "benefits" of an all-powerful government, the "advantages" of regimentation, the "blessings" of bureaucracy—we can resolve they won't succeed.

* * *

You, son, won't read these words, and if you did, they wouldn't mean much to you now. But your father's friends—known and unknown—are making you a promise, just the same.

You may never hear it from their lips. But if you were older you would read it in their faces—recognize it in their spirit. They are determined to keep America free. To keep it a land in which government is the servant, not the master of the people. To keep it the kind of America your Dad wanted to preserve—for you.



(Reprinted by courtesy of Chesapeake and Ohio Railway)

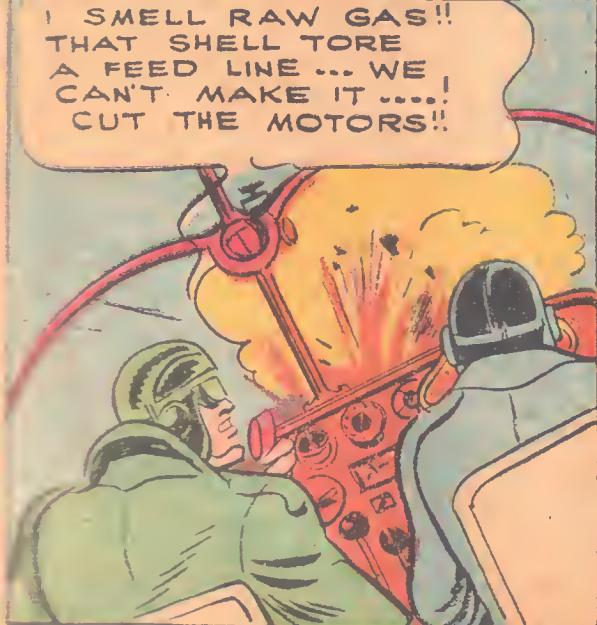
NARFST AR

The Flying TRIO



RAY AND LOW IN ONE PLANE AND MAC IN ANOTHER HAVE DOWNED THREE OF THE ENEMY IN A SAVAGE DOG FIGHT... SUDDENLY A SWARM OF ENEMY PLANES APPEAR AND THE BOYS ATTEMPT TO RUN FOR IT...

I SMELL RAW GAS!! THAT SHELL TORE A FEED LINE ... WE CAN'T MAKE IT CUT THE MOTORS!!



AGAIN THE BOYS ARE FORCED DOWN BEHIND ENEMY LINES WITH ONLY MINOR INJURIES THEY TAKE REFUGE IN A FOREST.....



A CAPTURED
CHATEAU, DAMAGED
BY SHELL FIRE,
SERVES AS
HEADQUARTERS
FOR THE
ENEMY
GENERAL STAFF....



WHOA! TWO OF THE
CARS ARE DRIVING
AWAY, LEAVING ONE
THERE.... I THINK
WE'VE STUMBLED INTO
SOMETHIN' BIG!



ONLY TWO
SENTRIES IN
SIGHT.... I CAN
SEE A GUY IN
A WHITE UNIFORM
IN THE BACK
YARD



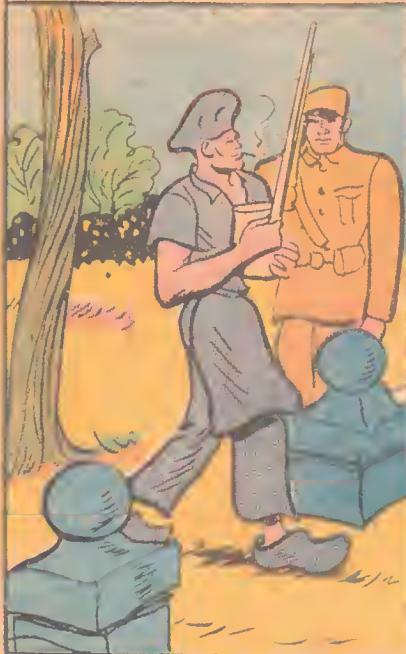
THAT'S THE
BRASS HAT'S
COOK TAKING
MILK TO A
SPRING!!
I'VE GOT AN
IDEA!!
WAIT HERE!!



JUST MY SIZE!!
WAIT TILL
SING AND
MAC SEE ME
IN THIS
MAKE-UP!!



THE SENTRY
GIVES RAY NO
HEED AS HE
MARCHES TO THE
KITCHEN....



IF THAT LAD
COULD FLY LIKE
HE CAN COOK
THERE'D BE
NO STOPPING
HIM....



AS THE SENTRY
PASSES THE
WINDOW A
POKER DESCENDS
WIELDED BY THE
NEW COOK...



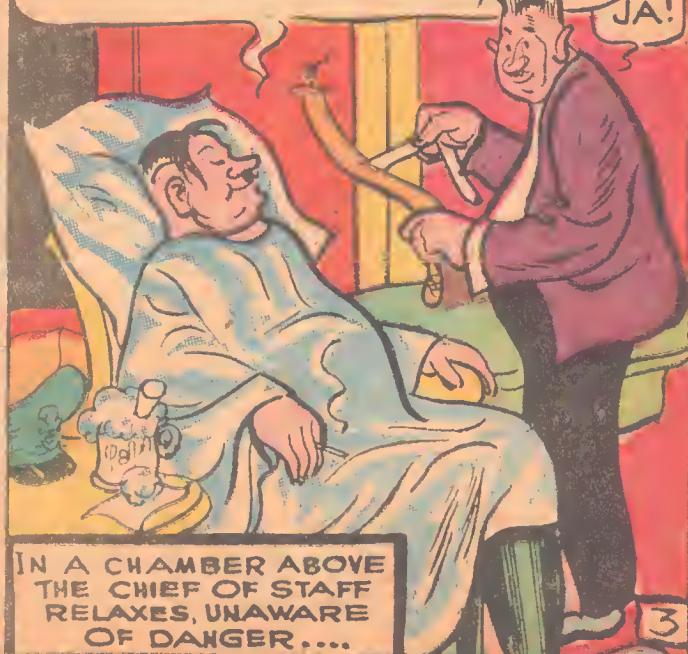
THERE'S RAY
WAVING
ALL'S
CLEAR!



YOU'RE NOT AS DUMB
AS YOU LOOK,
MISTER! AFTER WE EAT
LET'S GO UP AND
THANK THE BRASS
HAT!!



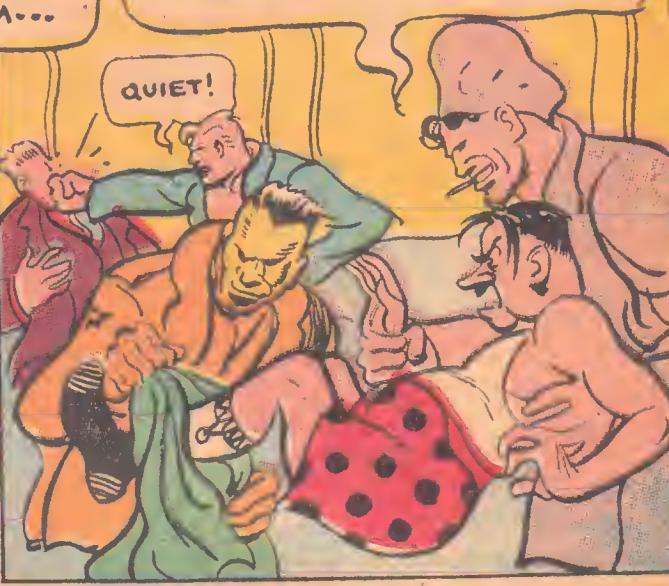
HANS, THIS DAY YOU HAVE
THE HONOR OF SHAVING THE
SUPREME COMMANDER OF ALL
DER BLUTZKRIEGERS!!
SOME DAY, MAYBE, I GIVE
YOU AN AUTOGRAPHED COPY OF
MY BOOK.... FOR YOUR
POSTERITY!!



A COOK IN
MY CHAMBERS!!
OUTSIDE
STUPID DOLT!!

KEEP YOUR
HAIR ON,
CHUM...WE
WANT TO
BORROW THAT
UNIFORM...

WE CAN'T LET THIS
PRETZEL BENDER WASTE
OUR TIME TICKLE
HIS FEET A LITTLE
SING.....



WE'D NEVER GET
OVER THE SWISS
BORDER WITH
YOU IN THAT
MAKE-UP...YOU
JUST DON'T
LOOK THE
PART...!

SWELL!
NOW YOU'RE
A CHINESE
AMBASSADOR
WE'RE YOUR
CHAUFFEUR
AND BODY
GUARD

HOP IN THERE
YOUR EXCELLENCY
AND DON'T BE
ALL DAY
ABOUT
IT!!



AN INSTANT LATER THE POWERFUL MOTOR ROARS THROUGH THE WOODED LANE TOWARD THE HIGHWAY... THE BOYS ARE WELL AWARE THAT THEIR DARING PLAN WILL BRING DEATH IF IT FAILS..

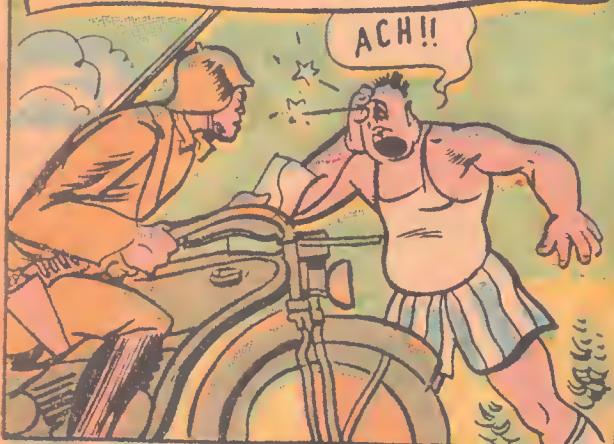
I RIPPED OUT THE PHONES BEFORE WE TOOK OFF, AND WITH ANY LUCK WE MAY GAIN TWENTY MINUTES!!

IT HAS BEEN WISELY WRITTEN THAT IN SHALLOW WATERS THE DRAGON BECOMES THE JOKE OF SHRIMPS

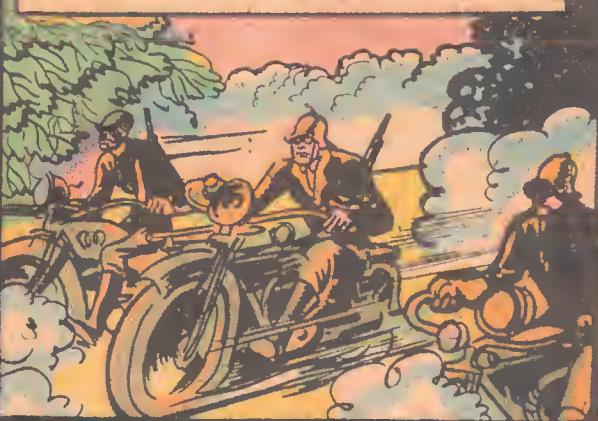


A FEW MOMENTS LATER A DESPATCH BEARER LEARNS OF THE UNUSUAL RAID BY ENEMY AIR MEN....

ACH!!



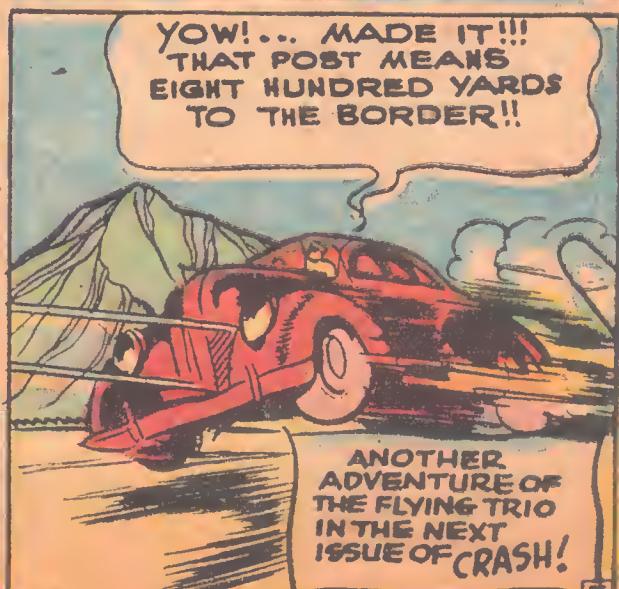
A MOTOR PATROL BRISTLING WITH MACHINE GUNS SPRINGS INTO ACTION.. THEY KNOW THEIR QUARRY IS NOT FAR AHEAD.....



THE GRIM RACE IS ON... KNOWING THE TERRAIN THE MOUNTED SQUAD IS GAINING, GAINING....



YOW!... MADE IT!!! THAT POST MEANS EIGHT HUNDRED YARDS TO THE BORDER!!

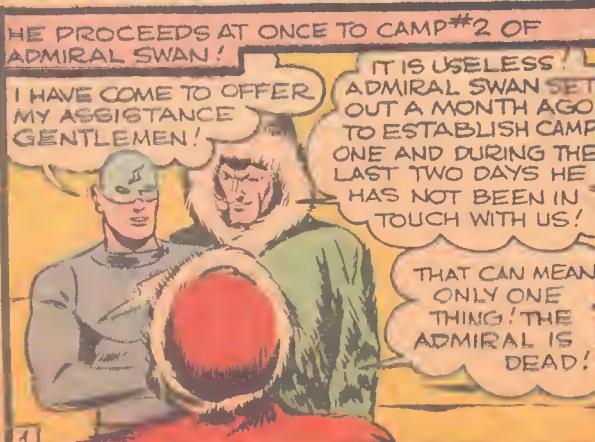
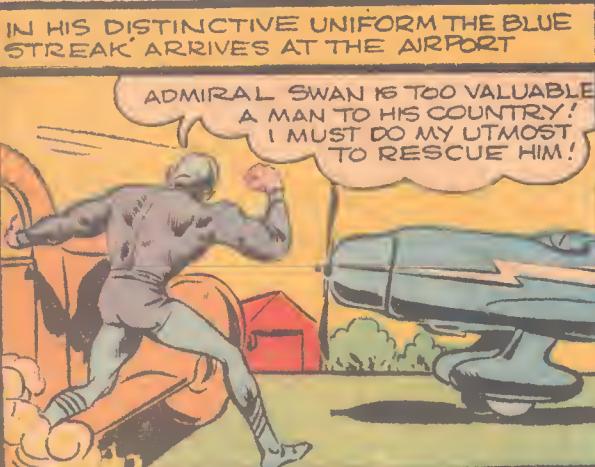
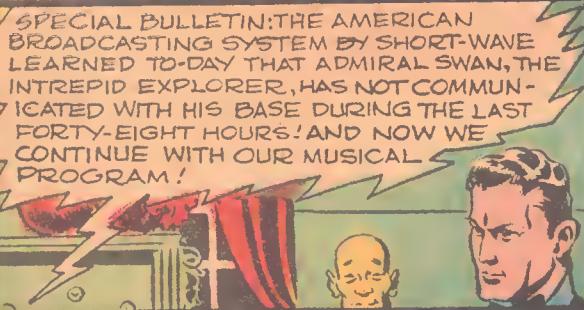


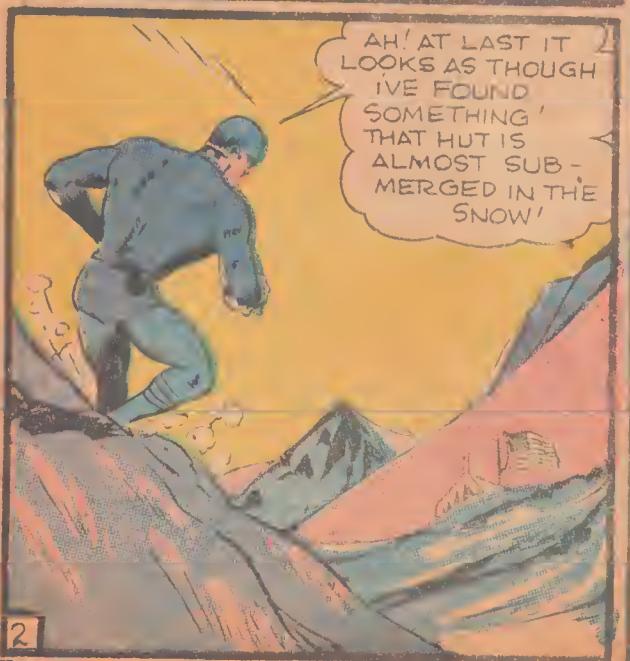
ANOTHER ADVENTURE OF THE FLYING TRIO IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF CRASH!

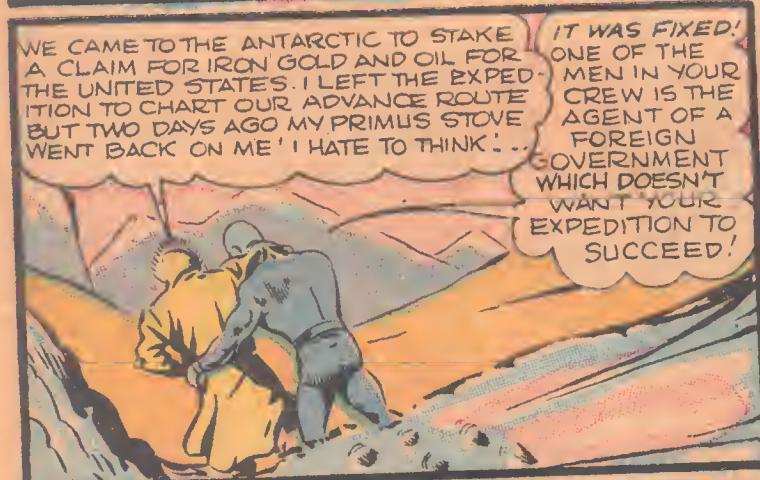
THE BLUE STREAK

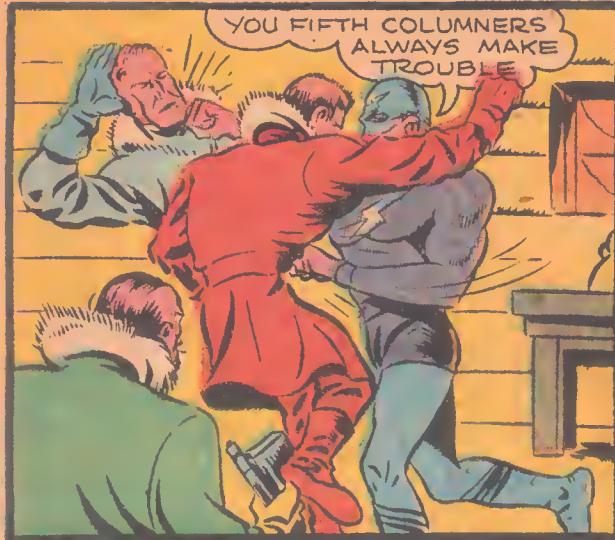
THE DEFENDER OF THE PEOPLE

THE BLUE STREAK MOVES TO FREE MEN OF IMPORTANCE, AND TO SAVE THEM FROM DEATH SENTENCES PASSED BY CRUEL DICTATORS AND DESPOTS. SINCE THEIR AIM IS TO DESTROY MEN OF ABILITY AND BRILLIANCE THE BLUE STREAK HAS DEFENDED HIS LIFE TO THWART EVERY ONE OF THEIR ATTEMPTS.









"STOP TORTURING US, YOU DEVIL! KILL US AND GET IT OVER WITH!"

MY ORDERS WERE TO STOP THE GREAT ADMIRAL SWAN. BUT THEY DID NOT SAY I COULD NOT ENJOY MYSELF ON THE JOB!

LOOK, BOYS! I JUST MISSED HIM! HA' HA'



SHAKEN BY THE FIRING OF THE GUN, THE SENSITIVE ICE RUMBLES... INTENT WITH THEIR GRUESOME PRANK, THEY DO NOT HEED THE WARNING OF IMPENDING DANGER

JUST ONE OR TWO SHOTS MORE, PLEASE REISS!

LET ME TRY MY HAND AT MISSING THEM HA' HA'

FUNNY! I CAN'T SEEM TO HIT THE ADMIRAL! HAH! HAH!



THAT WAS A CLOSE SHAVE ADMIRAL BUT I GUESS YOU CAN CARRY ON YOUR EXPEDITION FOR THE U.S.A. WITHOUT FURTHER HINDRANCE!



SUDDENLY A CRASH!... TONS OF ICE... A MOUNTAIN OF SNOW HURTLES DOWN CATCHING REISS AND HIS ACCOMPLICES IN IT'S PATH...



YOU ARE A CREDIT TO YOUR COUNTRY MY BOY! NO, A CREDIT TO THE WORLD, FROM WHAT I HAVE HEARD OF YOUR EXPLOITS!



FOLLOW THE RED-BLOODED ADVENTURES OF THE BLUE STREAK IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF CRASH COMICS

SECRET AGENT Z-2

Z-2 IS THE COUNTRY'S FOREMOST SECRET AGENT. HIS NAME NEVER IS DISCLOSED, FOR REVEALING THIS MIGHT RESULT IN HARM UPON HIS FAMILY AND CLOSE FRIENDS.

Z-2! YOU ARE FACED WITH ONE OF THE TWO MOST DIFFICULT TASKS OF YOUR CAREER! WE'VE GOT TO GET THAT RING OF NARCOTIC THIEVES!

EVERY AGENCY OF THE GOVERNMENT HAS FAILED TO APPREHEND THEM. THE TRUCKS CARRYING THE CRATES ARE GUARDED, BUT THAT GANG ALWAYS HAS A NEW TRICK!

WHEN IS THE NEW SHIPMENT EXPECTED FROM THE WEST?

AT SIX--HAMMOND JUNCTION! GOT ANY PLANS, Z-2?

PERHAPS, INSPECTOR, BUT I'D LIKE TWO TRUSTED MEN TO ACCOMPANY ME--AND A KIT OF TOOLS!

OKAY, BOYS! HERE SHE IS LET'S GO!

Z-2'S PLANS BEGIN TO TAKE SHAPE.

C'MON HURRY BOYS!

HEY! YOU CAN'T GO IN THERE. BEAT IT!

IT'S ALL RIGHT OFFICER. THIS IS OFFICIAL GOVERNMENT BUSINESS!

OH! I'M SORRY SIR--!



...AND CRASHES OVER
THE CLIFF!



THE MEN THEN PROCEED TO TRANSFER THE CRATES
FROM THE BATTERED TRUCKS TO THEIR OWN.



THAT KEROSENE TAKES
CARE OF THE EVIDENCE
VERY NICELY!



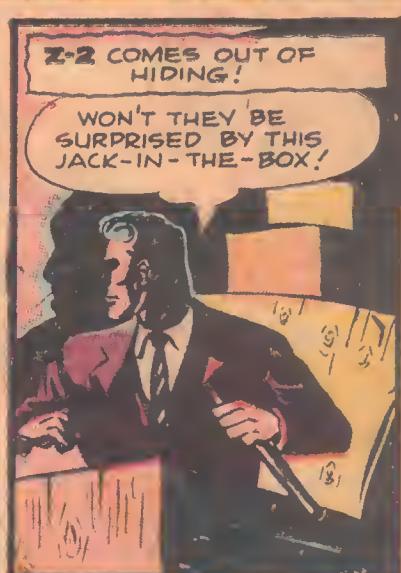
LATER —

WELL, THAT'S THAT— NOW
WE HAVE TO GET RID
OF THE LOAD WE HI-
JACKED LAST WEEK!



Z-2 COMES OUT OF
HIDING!

WON'T THEY BE
SURPRISED BY THIS
JACK-IN-THE-BOX!



HERE'S THE LAST
OF THIS LOAD — THEN
YOU CAN SHOVE OFF!



REACH!



THAT'S DANGEROUS BUSINESS, PLAYING WITH GUNS!

OW!

I DON'T WANT YOU TO START ANYTHING WHILE I INVESTIGATE MATTERS BELOW, SO THIS WILL KEEP YOU QUIET FOR A WHILE!

THE SECRET AGENT SLIDES DOWN THE PULLEY...

DON'T START ANYTHING YOU CAN'T FINISH - KEEP YOUR HANDS WHERE THEY BELONG!

I SEE WE'RE ALL SET FOR A RIDE. I WON'T SPOIL YOUR PLEASURE!

THERE'S A POLICE BOAT LAYING OFF PIER 18 - I'LL CHECK YOU THERE AND COME BACK FOR THE REST OF THE LIVESTOCK LATER - COME ON, TURN AROUND AND START MOVING!

THE GAME IS OVER - Z-2 RETURNS VICTORIOUS - HE TURNS HIS CARGO TO THE POLICE - AND FROM THERE...? FOLLOW ANOTHER ADVENTURE OF Z-2 IN NEXT MONTH'S **CRASH!**

BOB PRESTON

EXPLORER



THE N.Y. MUSEUM OF CULTURAL HISTORY HAS COMMISSIONED YOUNG BOB PRESTON TO TRY TO LOCATE THE LONG-SOUGHT TOMB OF TUT SHAH-HI 'AMEN. ACCOMPANIED BY PROF. DALE OF THE GEOGRAPHIC SOCIETY, WHO IS TO PHOTOGRAPH THE EXPEDITION, BOB SAILS OVER THE WATERS OF THE ARABIAN SEA.

WELL PROFESSOR, HERE WE ARE AT RAS EL HADD. WE'LL HIRE A CREW OF NATIVES AND A STRING OF CAMELS, AND THEN—

AND THEN, THE DAHNA, OR AS THEY CALL IT HERE, THE RUB' AL KHALI DESERT!

OKAY AMMAN. YOU KNOW WHAT I'M HERE FOR. I'LL LET YOU TAKE CARE OF THE DETAILS. YOU'RE THE LEADER, I WANT TWELVE MEN AND FIFTEEN CAMELS!



LATER BOB TALKS WITH THE NATIVE CHIEF.

TO AVOID THE HEAT OF THE DAY, THAT NIGHT THE CARAVAN GETS UNDER WAY.



I GUESS THIS IS IT. WE'VE BEEN OUT SIX DAYS AND ACCORDING TO MY CHART, THIS IS THE APPROXIMATE SPOT!

BOY! IT'S HOT!



THE NEXT DAY, WORK BEGINS....



ON THE THIRD DAY...

MASTER, COME QUICK, WE HAVE REACHED A TOMB!



BOB AND PROFESSOR DALE DESCEND INTO THE EXCAVATION.

WE'LL KNOW IN A FEW MINUTES WHETHER ALL THIS WORK WAS WORTH IT.

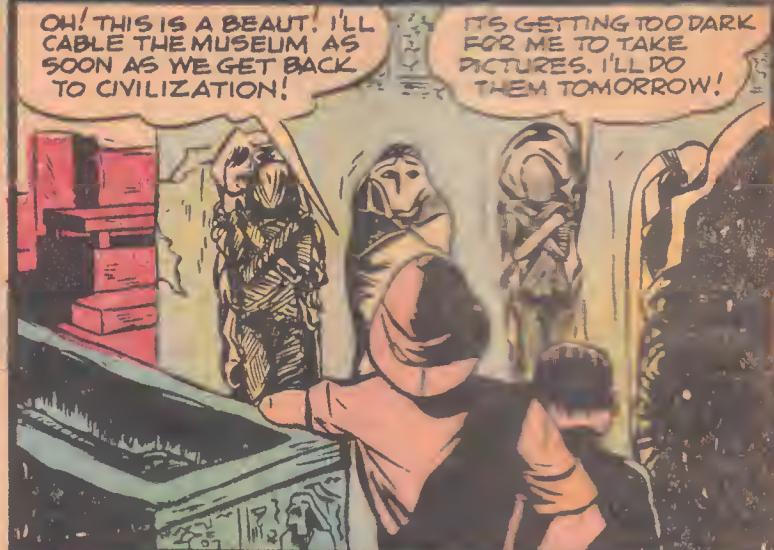
THESE HIEROGLYPHICS SAY THIS IS THE TOMB OF... WAIT A MINUTE!



THIS IS IT! WE'RE RIGHT. IT'S THE TOMB OF OLD TUT SHA-HI'AMEN HIMSELF!

OH! THIS IS A BEAUT. I'LL CABLE THE MUSEUM AS SOON AS WE GET BACK TO CIVILIZATION!

IT'S GETTING TOO DARK FOR ME TO TAKE PICTURES. I'LL DO THEM TOMORROW!

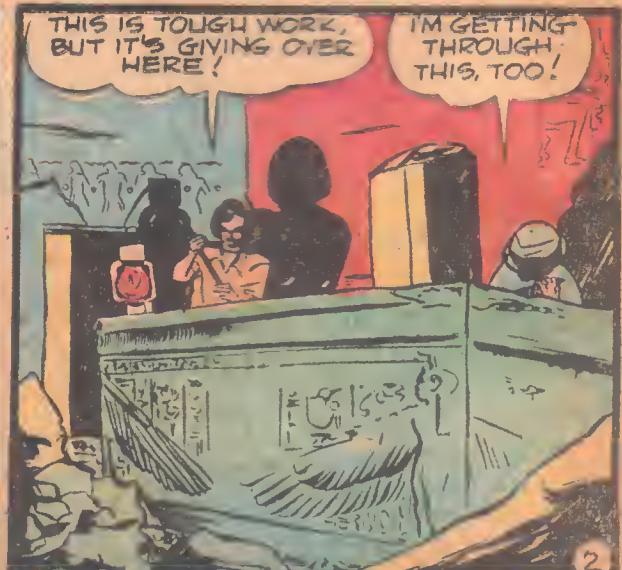


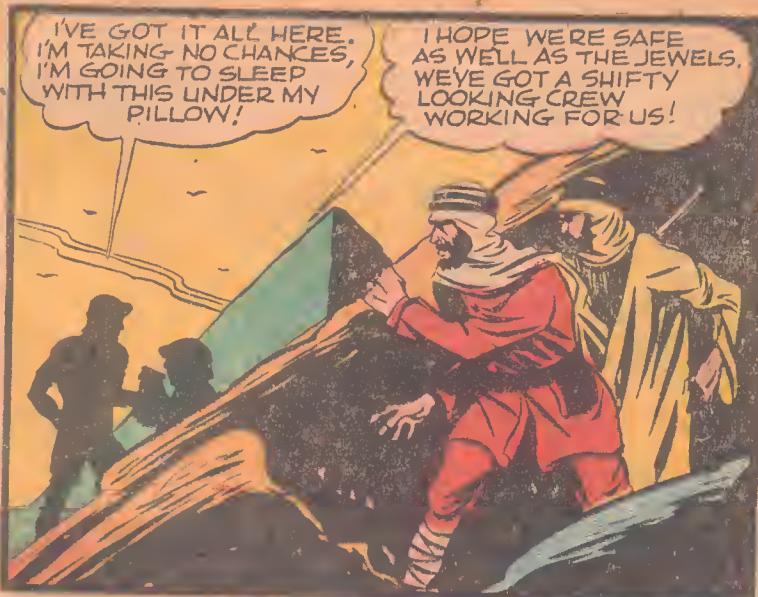
BUT BOB'S HAPPINESS IS DUE TO BE SHORT LIVED.

THERE MUST BE TREASURE BURIED WITHIN THE COFFIN OF THE PHARAOH. LET HIM GET IT OUT, THEN IT SHALL BE EASY FOR US!

THIS IS TOUGH WORK, BUT IT'S GIVING OVER HERE!

IM GETTING THROUGH THIS, TOO!





-AMMAN RUSHES BOB WITH HIS DAGGER,
BUT...

NO, YOU DON'T!



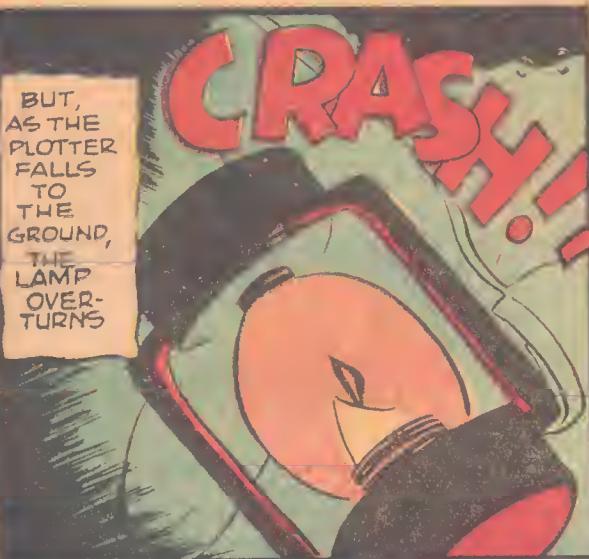
DON'T THINK I'M
OVERLOOKING YOU!

SOCK!



BUT,
AS THE
PLOTTER
FALLS
TO
THE
GROUND,
THE
LAMP
OVER-
TURNS

CRASH!



... SETTING FIRE TO THE TENT



YOU'RE NOT GOING TO GET
OFF AS EASILY AS THAT!



WELL BOB, WE'RE ALL
READY TO START
BACK!

WELL TURN AMMAN
AND HIS FRIEND
OVER TO THE
AUTHORITIES-I'LL DEPOSIT
THE POUCH AND RETURN
LATER FOR THE
SARCOPHAGUS!



ACCOMPANY EXPLORER BOB PRESTON IN
ANOTHER THRILLING ADVENTURE! LOOK
FOR HIM IN **CRASH COMICS!**

DAVID MERRYWEATHER, LEFT FOR DEAD IN THE JUNGLE, WAS PICKED UP AND NURTURED BY A TIGRESS. AFTER A NUMBER OF YEARS HE WAS SENT BACK TO THE WORLD OF MEN, ENDUED WITH THE ATTRIBUTES OF THE CAT FAMILY.

THE

CAT MAN

HE COULD CLIMB THE STEEPEST CLIFFS, SEE IN THE DARK, SCALE TREES, BUILDINGS AND MOUNTAINS. OF ALL HE WAS ENDOWED WITH NINE LIVES. HE WAS NOT PLEASED WITH THE WORLD OF MEN AS HE FOUND IT AND VOWED TO DEVOTE HIS LIFE TO THE RIGHTING OF WRONG. HE ADOPTED A SUITABLE GARB AND BECAME KNOWN AS THE CAT MAN. LAST MONTH WE SAW HIM LOSE THE FIRST OF HIS NINE LIVES. THE CAT MAN HAS ONLY EIGHT LIVES LEFT!

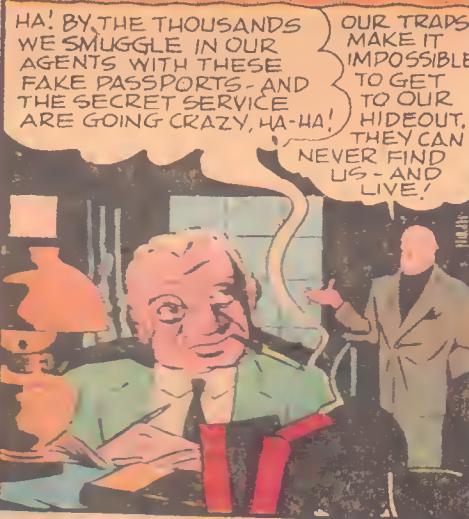
IN A CABIN AT THE EDGE OF A CLIFF



DAVID MERRYWEATHER READS ABOUT THE INFUX OF SPIES



HERR BLONKER, A FOREIGN SPY, IS FORGING PASSPORTS.



- AND LATER HE CALLS AT SECRET SERVICE HEADQUARTERS



IN THE OFFICE OF THE CHIEF OF SECRET SERVICE

TWO THOUSAND SPIES CAME INTO THE COUNTRY LAST MONTH WITH SUCH PERFECTLY FORGED PASSPORTS, THE CUSTOM CLERKS ARE FOOLED. I KNOW THE FENCE IS IMPREGNABLE, TO BOMB IT WOULD DESTROY THE EVIDENCE. WE'VE GOT TO STOP THIS ESPIONAGE!



THEN DAVID CHANGES TO HIS CAT MAN OUTFIT

IF THE CHIEF ONLY KNEW THAT HIS NEW AGENT IS THE CAT MAN!



HALF A MILE FROM THE CABIN THE CATMAN CRAWLS ON HIS STOMACH TOWARDS HIS GOAL

I OUGHT TO BE DUE FOR SOME EXCITEMENT!



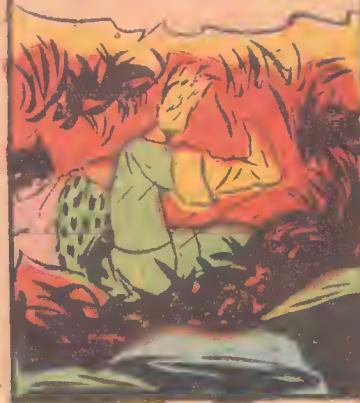
GRIPPING THE WALLS OF THE PIT WITH UNERRING FINGERS HE CLIMBS BACK TO THE SURFACE

WHAT NEXT I WONDER?!



THEN SUDDENLY HE CRASHES THROUGH SOME BUSHES INTO A CAMOUFLAGED PIT

HMM, JUST AS I THOUGHT! THE FUN BEGINS!



THE PIT IS TWO HUNDRED FEET DEEP BUT, THE CAT MAN LANDS ON HIS FEET IN TRUE FELINE MANNER.

WOW! WHAT A DROP. IT KILLED ALL THESE OTHER POOR CHAPS THAT FELL IN HERE. NOW TO GET OUT!?



AND TEN YARDS AWAY . . .

GET THE TIGERS READY! SOME SUPER-HUMAN ESCAPED THAT PIT!

WE'RE READY FOR ANYONE THESE TIGERS HAVEN'T EATEN FOR A WEEK!



THE CATMAN REACHES THE TIGER BARRIER!

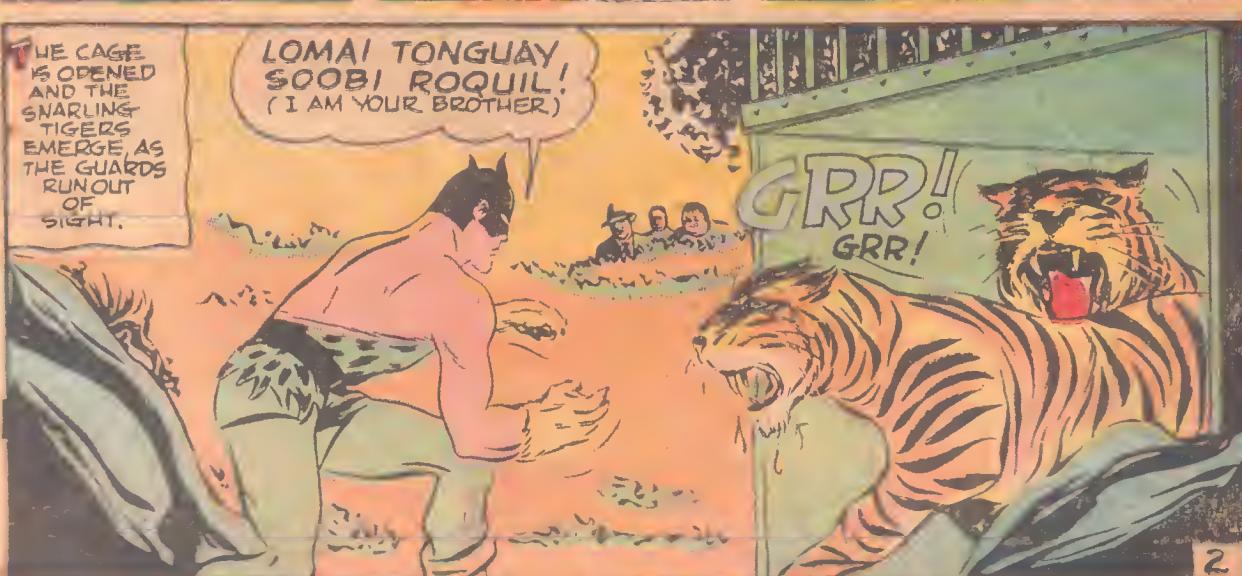
ARE YOU GENTLEMEN WAITING FOR ME BY ANY CHANCE!

OPEN THE CAGE BOYS. LET 'EM AT 'IM!



THE CAGE IS OPENED AND THE SNARLING TIGERS EMERGE AS THE GUARDS RUN OUT OF SIGHT.

LOMAI TONGUAY, SOOBI ROQUIL. (I AM YOUR BROTHER)



THE HUNGRY TIGERS HALT AS
THE CATMAN GREETES THEM
IN THEIR OWN TONGUE, AND
LIE DOWN AT HIS FEET.

SILLY OF THEM TO THINK THAT
TIGERS WOULD BOTHER
ME!



AT THE THIRD TRAP!

SOMETHING INCREDIBLE HAS
HAPPENED. A MAN ENTERED
THE TIGER TRAP AND THE
HUNGRY BRUTES ARE
LYING AT HIS FEET! START
THE BARRAGE!



AS THE G
LEVER,
SILENT B
FROM THE G

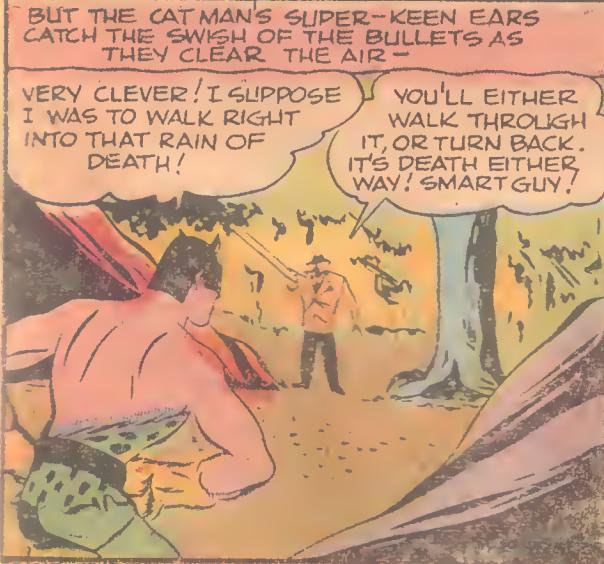
NO ONE EVER GOT
THIS FAR!
THIS'LL
FIX
HIM!



BUT THE CAT MAN'S SUPER-KEEN EARS
CATCH THE SWISH OF THE BULLETS AS
THEY CLEAR THE AIR—

VERY CLEVER! I SUPPOSE
I WAS TO WALK RIGHT
INTO THAT RAIN OF
DEATH!

YOU'LL EITHER
WALK THROUGH
IT, OR TURN BACK.
IT'S DEATH EITHER
WAY! SMART GUY!



—AND WITH A MIGHTY LEAP CAT MAN RISES
ABOVE THE RAIN OF DEADLY PELLETS!

YOU CAN BE
WRONG! CAN'T
YOU?



MIGOSH! HE
JUMPED THE
BULLETS! WIRE
THE NEXT TRAPS—
THEY'LL NEVER
BELIEVE US!



THE NEWS IS RECEIVED
AT THE NEXT TRAP

YOU SAY HE JUMPED
OVER THE BULLETS?
YOU'RE CRAZY! I'LL
REPORT YOU TO
HERR BLONKER!
YOU MUST
BE DRUNK!



THE CATMAN COMES NOISELESSLY
UPON THE SCENE AND NOTICES AN
OBJECT SUSPENDED IN THE AIR...

NO, I WILL NOT LOOK
OUT FOR A MAN LIKE
A CAT - IF YOU MAKE
JOKE, I SEE YOU
GET FIRED!



HMM! THE
SPHERE IS
SUPPOSED TO
DROP OVER
MY HEAD AND
SMOTHER ME.
I'LL FIX THAT!

AS THE GUARD SPEAKS,
THE CAT MAN FIRES HIS
NOISELESS POWER-
GUN THROUGH THE
SPHERE.

THAT BULLET
HOLE WILL
VENTILATE
THE THING -
NOW FOR
SOME
FUN!

CLICK!



THE CAT MAN MAKES HIS PRESENCE KNOWN

I SAY, BUDDY, CAN YOU
TELL ME THE WAY TO
THE NORTH POLE?

ACH HIMMEL! HE
WASN'T FOOLING -
A MAN LIKE A CAT!
I DROP THE SMOTHER-
SPHERE ON HIS
HEAD!



THE SMOTHER SPHERE, SUSPENDED BY
LIGHT RAYS IS DROPPED BY THE GUARD
WHO WAVES HIS ARM, BREAKING THE BEAM

NOW, I
FIX YOU!

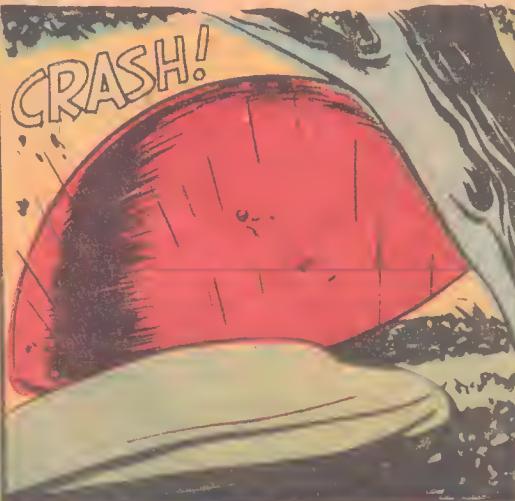


THE SPHERE STARTS TO
FALL AND AS THE GUARD
ATTEMPTS TO GET OUT
OF THE RANGE, THE CAT
MAN GRABS HIM.

LET ME
GO! I'LL
SMOTHER!
WHAT'S
GOOD FOR
ONE —
HA! HA!



THE SMOTHER-SPHERE FALLS AND
ENGULFS THE GUARD AND THE
CAT-MAN!



INSIDE THE SPHERE THE
ONLY LIGHT COMES FROM
THE CAT MAN'S EYES
AS HE QUICKLY COVERS
THE BULLET HOLE WITH
HIS PALM

WE DIE IN AN
HOUR AFTER THE
AIR IS USED UP.
NO AIR CAN
PENETRATE
IN HERE -
ACH! EYES
LIKE
ELECTRIC
LIGHT!

I
CAN
SAVE
YOUR
LIFE IF
YOU'LL
TALK.



GUARD
TO TELL HERR
S SECRET.

I NEVER TALK, I
TELL YOU NOTHING,
WE DIE ANYHOW!

- BUT SOON HE OPENS UP

IF YOU TALK I
PROMISE YOU
SHALL LIVE!

ALL RIGHT,

I TALK!

MY BREATH,

IT GOES -

HERR BLONKER WHO
EVERYBODY THINKS
IS A SMALL TAILOR IN
CITY MAKES FORGED
PASSPORTS. HE IS AN
AGENT OF MY
GOVERNMENT -
(GASP)

THE CATMAN REMOVES
HIS HAND FROM THE
BULLET HOLE!

THAT'S GOOD
TO KNOW -
SEE! WE
HAVE
AIR!

BLONKER
WILL KILL
ME ANYWAY!

WHEW!

WITH HIS CAT LIKE HANDS THE CATMAN
DIGS A TUNNEL IN THE GROUND SO HE CAN
ESCAPE.

YOU MUST STAY HERE,
I HAVE BUSINESS TO
ATTEND TO!

I MAY AS WELL, TO KEEP
FROM GETTING BUMPED
OFF FOR
TALKING!

THE CATMAN LEAVES THE SPHERE AND
QUICKLY COVERS THE OPENING HE HAS
DUG, LEAVING THE GUARD IMPRISONED.

I'M GLAD I GOT OUT OF
THAT! - - - NOW TO
GET BLONKER!

- MAKING A WIDE DETOUR, THE CATMAN
STARTS BACK TO THE CITY!

I'LL WAIT FOR HIM AT
HIS TAILOR SHOP!

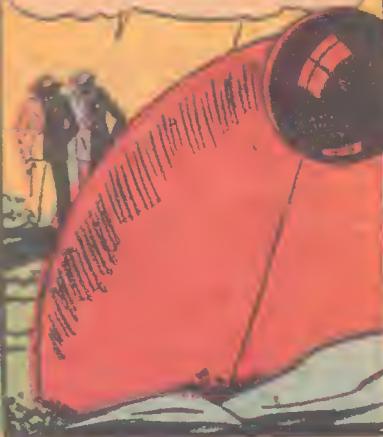
MEANWHILE, TWO OF HERR BLONKERS
MEN APPROACH THE SMOTHER-SPHERE

HMPH! THE FOOL
WON'T BELIEVE US!
NOW HE'S IN THERE
WITH THAT MAN
LIKE A CAT!

LET'S RAISE THE
SPHERE AND
TAKE OUT THE
BODIES!

THEY ATTACH SEVERAL BALLOONS
AND THE SPHERE RISES.

NOW WE SEE THIS
CAT MAN STREACHED OUT!



THEY ARE BOTH AMAZED

HE IS NOTHERE!
WHAT
HAPPENED?

HE GOT,
AWAY AND
MADE ME TELL
HIM ALL ABOUT
BLONKER. HE
MUST NOT GET
BACK TO THE
CITY!



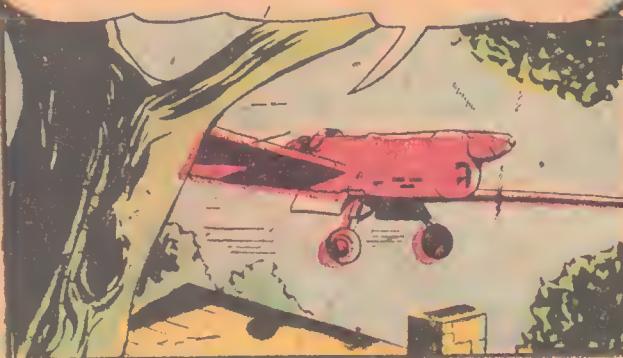
THE NEWS IS REPORTED TO
HERR BLONKER BACK IN
THE CABIN.

MAN LIKE A CAT? HE GOT
AWAY? KNOWS MY SECRET?
I'LL CATCH HIM MYSELF—
YOU IDIOTS CANNOT BE
TRUSTED!



HERR BLONKER SETS OFF IN A PLANE TO OVER
TAKE THE CAT MAN!

I MUST GET HIM BEFORE HE RETURNS!
I HAVE INCRIMINATING PAPERS IN MY TAILOR
SHOP WHICH NO ONE MUST SEE! IF HE
ESCAPES I DARE NOT RETURN TO THE SHOP!



MEANWHILE, WITH THE SPEED OF A TIGER,
THE CAT-MAN MAKES HIS WAY TOWARDS
THE CITY.

I'VE GOT TO SEARCH BLONKER'S SHOP!
THERE MUST BE EVIDENCE THERE!



HERR BLONKER SPOTS THE
CAT-MAN.

THERE HE IS— THE MAN
LIKE A CAT. NOW HE SHALL
DIE WITH MY SECRET
LOCKED INSIDE OF
HIM!



THE PASSPORT FORGERAINS
A TINY FLASHLIGHT AT THE
MAN BELOW HIM.

NO HUMAN CAN LIVE ONCE
THIS BLOOD-FREEZING—
RAY STRIKES HIM!



HIS BLOOD FROZEN IN HIS
VEINS BY THE DEADLY RAY
THE CAT-MAN FALLS DEAD
IN HIS TRACKS.



BACK AT SECRET SERVICE HEADQUARTERS—

YOU HAVE NEWS OF OUR NEW AGENT? NO WORD I FEAR HE HAS MET THE FATE OF THE OTHERS!



IN A SMALL TAILOR SHOP IN THE CITY SITS HERR BLONKER, KNOWN IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD AS HANS THE TAILOR.

THE POOR SECRET SERVICE! HA! HA!—I'LL GIVE SPY N-42 THE BIGGEST LOT OF FAKE PASSPORTS YET!



MEANWHILE, THE SPIRIT OF THE TIGRESS APPROACHES THE CORPSE OF THE CAT-MAN...



AND GRANTS HIM THE SECOND OF HIS NINE LIVES...

A STRANGE SLEEP! I WONDER.... BUT I MUST GET TO THAT TAILOR SHOP!



THE CATMAN HURRIES TO THE CITY

I CAN STOP HERE AND CHANGE!



ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF THE CITY, THE CAT MAN BECOMES DAVID MERRY-WETHER AGAIN...

NOW TO BECOME A CUSTOMER OF HANS THE TAILOR!



DAVID ENTERS THE TAILOR SHOP

I'D LIKE TO HAVE MY SUIT PRESSED. WHERE CAN I WAIT?

IN THE BACK ROOM, YOU CAN WAIT!



AS DAVID WAITS IN THE BACK ROOM, SPY N-42 ENTERS THE SHOP.

—AND THEN I FIX HIM WITH MY BLOOD-FREEZE RAY—AND THE MAN-LIKE CAT IS NO MORE!

WELL, I UNDERSTAND YOU HAVE A SPECIAL LARGE LOT FOR ME!



I HAVE A CUSTOMER IN THE BACK. I THINK HE HEARD TOO MUCH!

HMM! I FIX HIM WITH LEAD! WE CAN'T TAKE CHANCES!



BUT DAVID WAS ALREADY CHANGED BACK TO THE CAT-MAN'S GARB AND IS READY FOR SPY N-42

HIMMEL THE DEAD MAN, LIKE A CAT!

NOT SO DEAD THIS TIME!

THE SPY WHIPS OUT A BLADE-PISTOL AND FIRES AT THE CAT-MAN, BUT THE CAT-MAN STEPS ASIDE!

NOW MR. CAT-MAN, I FIX YOU!

WHIZZ!

- AND NOW, I FIX YOU!



HEARING THE COMMOTION, HERR BLONKER RUSHES IN WITH HIS DEATH RAY FLASH!

YOU - YOU -
YOU ARE
DEAD - MY
GUN -
I KILLED
YOU!

NOW, NOW
YOU DON'T
REALLY
BELIEVE
THAT!

TREMBLING WITH FRIGHT, HERR BLONKER DROPS THE FLASH AND THE CAT-MAN RETRIEVES IT AT ONCE.

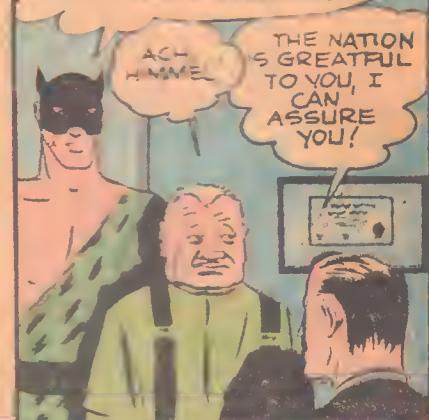
COME ALONG WITH ME NOW, YOU FORGING FOOL
YOUR BIG GAME IS UP!

I'LL COME-
I'LL CONFESS!
BUT
DON'T LET
THAT RAY
TOUCH
ME!



THE CAT-MAN DELIVERS BLONKER TO THE CHIEF OF THE SECRET SERVICE

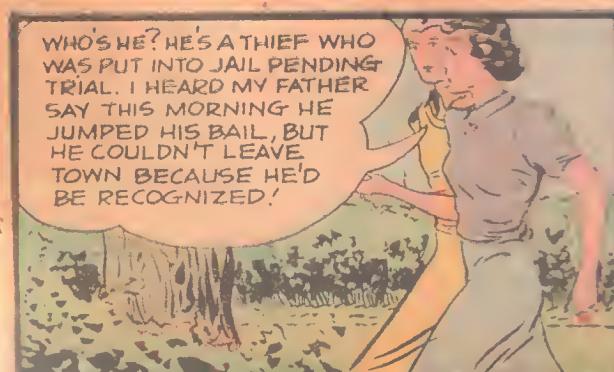
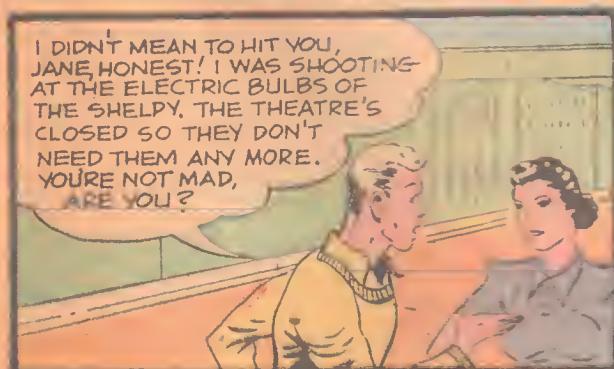
- AND HERE'S YOUR GUILTY MAN, CHIEF - THE COUNTRY WON'T BE TROUBLED WITH THIS EGG ANYMORE!



AND SO THE CAT-MAN RIGHTS ANOTHER WRONG AND LOSES ANOTHER LIFE. HE HAS ONLY 7 LIVES LEFT. WILL HE LOSE ANOTHER LIFE IN THE TERRIBLE ADVENTURE THAT AWAITS HIM IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF CRASH COMICS? GET YOUR COPY EARLY AND FIND OUT!

JANE DRAKE DETECTIVE

BECAUSE OF HER INNOMERABLE ESCAPES IN WHICH SHE FORTUNATELY HAS AVOIDED HARM, JANE DRAKE HAS BEEN WARNED BY HER FATHER TO DISCONTINUE HER CAREER AS A SELF-APPOINTED DETECTIVE, BUT, SHE REMAINS EVER-READY TO THE CALL OF ADVENTURE.



I JUST HAVE ONE OF THOSE HUNCHES I THINK I KNOW WHERE HE'S HIDING. IF YOU WANT TO ESCORT ME TO THE CLUB DANCE YOU'RE COMING WITH ME TONIGHT!

AW GEE JANE, YOU MAKE IT AWFULY TOUGH FOR A FELLER, BUT - ALL RIGHT!



LATER, THAT NIGHT

WHERE ARE YOU GOING IN SUCH A HURRY YOUNG LADY? YOU HAVEN'T HAD YOUR DESERT!



JANE RUSHES OVER TO THE STAGE DOOR OF THE SHIPY THEATRE WHERE SHE HAS ARRANGED TO MEET JERRY.

WELL HERE I AM. LET'S GO INSIDE!

I THOUGHT YOU'D NEVER GET HERE!



NO. 1
ACT

SSH, I HEAR VOICES!



AW, THIS JOINT'S GITTIN' ON MY NERVES. I MIGHT AS WELL BE COOPED UP IN JAIL!

TAKE IT EASY JIMMY, WE'LL HAVE YOU OUT AS SOON AS NICK MAKES THE CONTACT!



THAT'S JIMMY CORIO! HE'S IN THERE!



ACT
4

LET'S GET OUT OF HERE. IF HE CATCHES US - - -

I'M GOING TO CALL DAD AND POLICE CHIEF DUGAN!



MAYBE THEY'RE OFFERING A REWARD FOR HIM!

I DON'T WANT ANYTHING BUT TO GET OUT OF HERE!

A SMART KID, HUH? MAYBE WE GOT A COUPLE OF THINGS TO TALK OVER!

THE ENRAGED THUG HITS JERRY AND KNOCKS HIM BACK AGAINST A LIGHT SWITCH



HEY! WHERE DYA THINK YOU'RE GOING?

GET OUT OF OUR WAY!

SOME TIMES I WONDER WHY I EVER LISTEN TO YOU JANE!

BUT JERRY'S MARKSMANSHIP EARLIER IN THE DAY REMOVED TWO LETTERS FROM THE MARQUEE, AND HAVING BEEN THROWN AGAINST THE SWITCH UNKNOWINGLY FLASHES A MESSAGE.

HELLO?

HELLO! CHIEF? THIS IS MR. DRAKE. I'M SPEAKING FROM A BOOTH NEAR THE SHELBY THEATRE. SOMETHING'S QUEER THERE. THE SIGN READS "HELP!"

I KNOW. I'VE GOTTEN SEVERAL CALLS ABOUT IT. I WAS JUST LEAVING WITH SOME MEN.

HEY JIMMY! HERE'S A COUPLE OF SNOOPERS I COUGHT BACK STAGE!

WE'LL TAKE THE BRATS ALONG AS HOSTAGES!

THAT AIN'T SO GOOD. WE GOTTA GET OUTTA HERE!

LET GO OF ME! THAT'S NO WAY TO TREAT A LADY!

KEEP YOUR MOUTH SHUT OR I'LL PASTE IT FOR YOU!

A POLICE CAR SCREECHES THROUGH THE NIGHT HEADING FOR THE SHELBY THEATRE



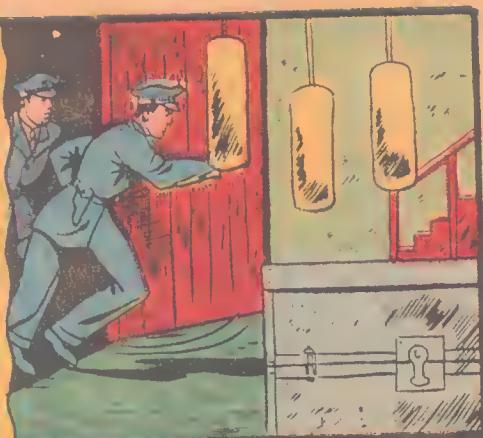
JANE AND JERRY ARE PUSHED OUT OF THE ROOM BY THE THUGS WHO ARE ABANDONING THEIR HIDEOUT

THE GANG HEARING THE SIREN PLAN TO MAKE A DESPERATE BREAK FOR IT!

KEEP THOSE KIDS IN FRONT OF US. WE'LL GRAB A CAR AND BEAT IT!



THE STAGE DOOR BURSTS OPEN AND CHIEF DUGAN, FOLLOWED BY HIS MEN, ENTER THE THEATRE



THE THUGS PREPARE TO MAKE A STAND AGAINST THE POLICE



EASY JANE - DON'T BE FRIGHTENED!



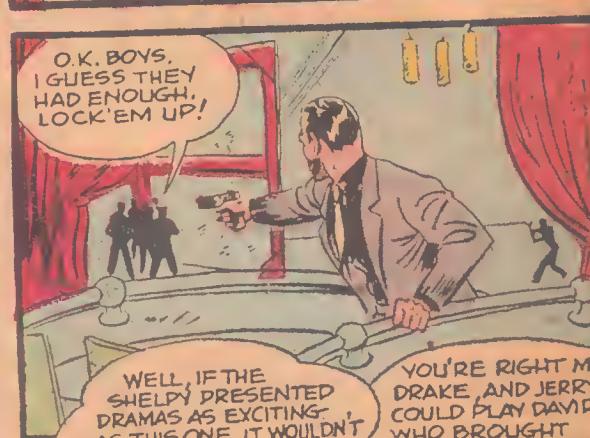
IN THE NICK OF TIME JERRY SPOTS CORIO IN THE BOX AIMING AT CHIEF DUGAN



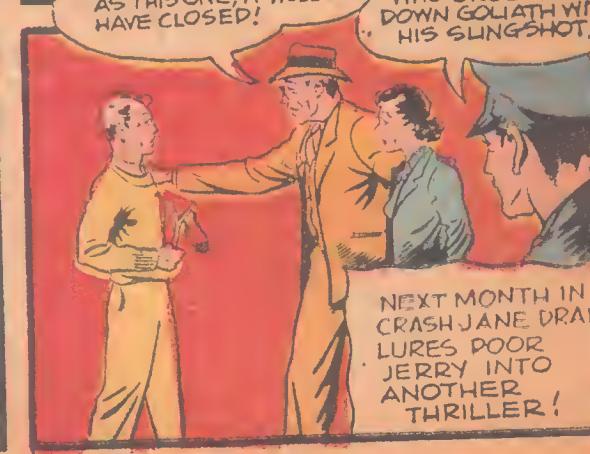
THERE THEY ARE! JANE, JERRY!

DON'T SHOOT, BOYS. YOU MAY HIT THE KIDS! CHARGE 'EM!

YOU MUGS HAVE QUITE A FLAIR FOR DRAMATICS!



YOU'RE RIGHT MR DRAKE, AND JERRY COULD PLAY DAVID, WHO BROUGHT DOWN GOLIATH WITH HIS SLINGSHOT!



ALEC

AND THE REIGN OF YANG

BY
R. T. JOHNSON

IN THE PRECEDING INSTALLMENT, HIS PARROT WERE DOOMED BY YA', SLIGHTLY-MAD RULER. IT WAS ONE PARROT'S QUICK THINKING THAT TWO LIVES WERE SPARED WHEN HE CONCUDED A BLACK DANDRUFF THAT WOULDN'T SHOW ON A BLUE SERGE SUIT.

YOU HAVE PROVEN YOUR VALUE TO ME. YOU ARE CLOSER TO ME THAN MY UNION SUIT. WE MUST MAKE THIS A FESTIVE OCCASION!

SWELL! LET'S DANCE! NOT TURKEY IN THE STRAW, IT BRINGS BACK BARNYARD MEMORIES!

LOOK FELLAS, HERE'S A JUKE BOX!

LET'S HAVE SOME SWING!

THIS IS WONDERFUL! THE NICKLES WORK AS GOOD AS SLUGS!

HOTCHA! JAZZ!

THIS IS MORE FUN THAN THE TIME I WIPED OUT A WHOLE FLEET!

SWING IT! JIVE DOWN! AND BLOW HOT LICKS YANG!

BOY, AM I IN THE GROOVE JUST AN OLD RUG-CUTTER!

IN
ANOTHER QUARTER OF AN HOUR!
WE'LL NEVER!

DOWN WITH THE BOSS! DOWN WITH YANG. HE MAKES US EAT STRAWBERRIES AND CREAM AND WE DON'T LIKE STRAWBERRIES!

LET'S GET HIM NOW. AND THOSE PALS OF HIS TOO!

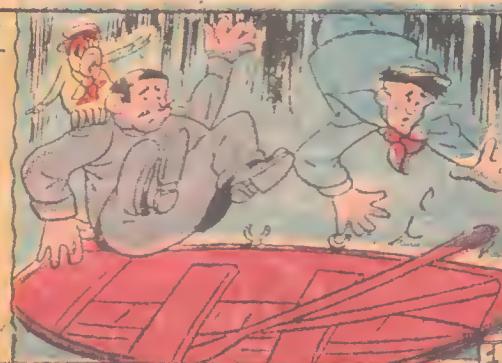
WHAT NERVE! MIXING BUSINESS WITH PLEASURE!

LOOKS LIKE TROUBLE IS HERE!

WAIT A MINUTE BOYS. CAN'T WE TALK THIS OVER?

THE SITUATION CALLS FOR ACTION, NOT WORDS!

AS THEY RETREAT BACKWARDS, THEY TOPPLE OVER THE EDGE OF THE SUB-MARINE INTO A ROW BOAT BOBBIN' BELOW!





ALEC, YANG AND TOOTSIE, THE PARROT, REALLY FIND THEMSELVES IN SOME TROUBLE WITH A HOSTILE TRIBE OF ACKY WACKIES! SEE THE NEXT ISSUE OF CRASH FOR FURTHER DEVELOPMENTS!

The new pennies are now made of steel.

The SPARS are associated with the Coast Guard.

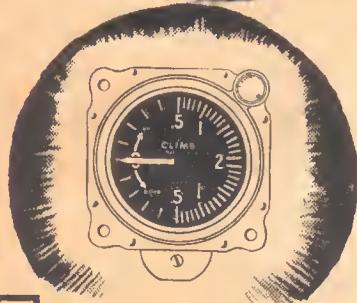
The Rate-of-Climb Indicators such as those manufactured by the Bulova Watch Company have indicated that the coldest temperature found above the earth is over the Equator.

It is easier for soldiers to march in step because of the rhythm of the soldiers in front.

IT'S TIME YOU KNEW ----by LAWRENCE



SOLDIERS ALWAYS BREAK STEP WHILE CROSSING A BRIDGE. BECAUSE THE REGULAR AND REPEATED TAP OF FALLING FEET SETS THE BRIDGE IN VIBRATION, AND THE SHAKING MIGHT STRAIN THE IRONWORK / IS IT EASIER FOR SOLDIERS TO MARCH IN OR OUT OF STEP ?



THE RATE OF CLIMB INDICATORS WHICH ARE MANUFACTURED BY THE BULOVA WATCH COMPANY FOR THE U.S. ARMY AIR FORCE ARE TESTED IN HEAT AND COLD TO SIMULATE FLYING CONDITIONS. WHERE DO WE FIND THE COLDEST TEMPERATURE ABOVE THE EARTH ?



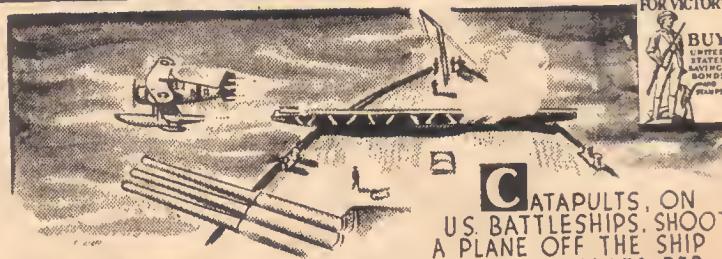
THE NEW PENNIES (COPPERS) NOW CONTAIN NO COPPER / WHAT METAL HAS REPLACED THE COPPER ALLOY IN THE MAKING OF PENNIES ?



ANSWERS ARE PRINTED IN REVERSE AT TOP OF PAGE

Solder is used for uniting metals.
Destroyer, Lexington, named after a great battle, would be an Aircraft Carrier.
The Delaware, which is named for a state, would be a battleship. San Francisco, named for a city, would be a cruiser.
Brigadier General—60; Major General—62; Major—47; Lieutenant Colonel—52; Colonel—55;
The age limits of the various ranks are: Second Lieutenant—30; First Lieutenant—35;
Trotout—35; Captain—42; Major—47; Lieutenant Colonel—52; Colonel—55;
Brigadier General—60; Major General—62; Major—47; Lieutenant Colonel—52; Colonel—55;
The wind and it is easier to swing the catapults than to turn the warship!
Captains are made to swing in any direction, because planes always take off into
the age limits of the various ranks are: Second Lieutenant—30; First Lieutenant—35;
Trotout—35; Captain—42; Major—47; Lieutenant Colonel—52; Colonel—55;

IT'S TIME YOU KNEW ---- by LAWRENCE



CATAPULTS ON
U.S. BATTLESHIPS SHOOT
A PLANE OFF THE SHIP
AT A SPEED OF 70 MILES PER
HOUR! WHY ARE THESE CATAPULTS
MADE SO THAT THEY CAN SWING
AROUND IN ANY DIRECTION?



ITHE U.S. ARMY HAS A
FIELD SERVICE AGE LIMIT
FOR EVERY COMMISSIONED
OFFICER'S RANK, EXCEPT
LIEUTENANT-GENERAL AND
GENERAL! CAN YOU NAME
ANY 3 OF THESE AGE LIMITS?



ACAPITAL SHIP OF THE
NORTH CAROLINA CLASS
COSTS ABOUT \$70,000,000!
IF FOUR NAVAL VESSELS
WERE NAMED THE DELAWARE,
SAN FRANCISCO, FARRAGUT
AND LEXINGTON, WHAT TYPE
WOULD EACH BE?



LEAD MELTS AT 620° FAHREN-
HEIT AND TIN AT 446°. WHEN
THESE TWO METALS ARE MELTED
AND COMBINED, THE PRODUCT IS CALLED
SOLDER, WHICH MELTS AT 356° F. FOR
WHAT PURPOSE IS SOLDER USED?

ANSWERS ARE PRINTED IN REVERSE AT TOP OF PAGE